HOLY KASHI

As in the ancient day the Magi from the East, the Maharajah of Benares and his friends travelled West to worship the Infant of the Manger, so to-day a western woman seeking knowledge in Holy Kashi found it falling from your child's lips. Mother of my body in other births, my spiritual mother in this life, who has been more than my earthly mother to me, always have your arms been open to me, never have your doors closed against me, always has there been room in your soft bosom for me. And when sometimes I have wandered from you, when the tests and trials of the Way you have taught me have brought seeming barriers between us, how often have Cowper's lines to his earthly parent re-echoed to me of you :

Life has passed
With me but roughly since *I* saw thee last.

Seeming barriers ! For though continents may spread between us and rolling seas divide us in the flesh, you, mother of mystery, mother of occult power, can see me, hear me, speak to me, can come as near, nay, nearer to your child, than on that undying day in

Benares,
the first of our re-union in this life.
The day
of our meeting ! Do you remember
our visit

to